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DEADPOOL

U.S. TRAY!

#33

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THE FRINGES OF THE COSMOS...

PLAYGROUND OF THE GODS.

BELOVED, I HAVE SAILED ACROSS THE AGES TO CALL UPON YOU... TAKEN ASTRAL FORM AND RISKED MY VERY EXISTENCE TO DELIVER A GIFT.

EACH COMET IN THIS BOUQUET IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF A WORLD... A CIVILIZED WORLD OF NO LESS THAN TEN BILLION SENTIENT LIFEFORMS.

BELOVED?

THEIR DEATHS WERE EXQUISITE.

PLEASE, ACCEPT THIS MEAGER TOKEN OF AFFECTION, AND ADMIRATION OF YOUR DARK WORK... SO BEGS THANOS!

...

BELOVED? BELOVED, I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE...

GODS, WHAT DIRE CHORE COULD BE MORE COMPELLING THAN A SUITOR AS ROMANTIC AS I..?

PERHAPS SHE IS WASHING HER HAIR...

DEATH IS NOT AMUSED.

NORMALLY, SHE WOULD BE... THANOS AND HIS IDYLLIC BUMBLINGS HAVE PROVIDED HER WITH EONS OF DISTRACTION...

SHE SO RARELY INVOLVES HERSELF IN TEMPORAL AFFAIRS. ASIDE FROM THE OBVIOUS...

BUT NOT TODAY. TODAY SHE-WHO-IS-THE-END-OF-ALL-THINGS...

IS PREOCCUPIED... WITH THOUGHTS OF A MORTAL.

BUT ONCE IN A MILLENNIUM, THERE IS BORN A SHINING STAR IN AN OTHERWISE EMPTY UNIVERSE OF SOULS... ONE WHO CAPTIVATES HER INTEREST... GARNERS HER RESPECT...

AROUSES HER.

THIS IS THE TALE OF SUCH A BEING... A MAN WHO STOPS DEATH IN HER TRACKS... A MAN WHO STANDS NOW AT THE EDGE OF...

THE END OF THE END OR HAPPY ENTRAILS TO YOU...

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I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU DO THIS TO ME.

YOU CAN CUT OFF MY EYELIDS, STAPLE THEM TO MY FOREHEAD, POP OUT MY EYES AND SET THEM UP ON GOLF TEES --

BUT I'M NOT WATCHING THIS. I DON'T WANT TO SEE THIS --

OF COURSE YOU DON'T, "WADE"! TRUTH BURNS BLIND EYES! TRUTH POKES AND STINKS --

YOU'VE LIVED SO LONG WITH A LIE, YOU'VE GOT A PHYSICAL AVERSION TO THE TRUTH!

STOP IT! YOU'RE LYING, YOU -- YOU'RE THE ONE WHO KILLED ME! YOU...

JUST FLIP THE SWITCH ON YOUR LITTLE PICTURE SHOW HERE. T-RAY, BEFORE YOU REALLY TICK ME OFF. WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED... THE REAL STORY --

LISTEN TO HIM, MERCEDES... LISTEN TO YOURSELF. THE SONG OF YOUR HEART...

NO... YOU DESTROY MY HUSBAND AND... KILLED ME, HERE AT OUR HOME... KILLED ME AND BROUGHT ME BACK TO TORTURE WADE.

POOR LITTLE CORPSE... STOP LIVING DEADPOOL'S LIE...

I BROUGHT YOU BACK SO WE COULD BE REUNITED IN VENGEANCE... AGAINST THE MAN WHO KILLED US BOTH.

I AM WADE WILSON. YOUR HUSBAND... HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, ANGEL.

NO!

NOOO!

I CAN'T TELL YOU... HOW LONG I'VE WAITED TO HEAR THAT SCREAM... "WADE"...

OH GOD, THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN.

THIS IS THE TRUTH. THIS IS THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA OF IT ALL. THIS IS WHY I EXIST...

"THE WILSONS DID RESCUE A MAN FROM THE ICY RIVER. HE DID BETRAY THEM. THIS YOU KNOW. AND IT IS TRUE...

"YOU ALSO KNOW THE MAN WAS A LOW-LEVEL MERCENARY. MURDERER. MISANTHROPE. WHO MADE HIS LIVING DESTROYING LIVES.

"UNTIL HE FAILED AT A VERY IMPORTANT TASK FOR VERY BAD PEOPLE OVER THE CANADIAN BORDER.

"THIS FAILURE, LIKE SO MANY IN HIS YOUNG LIFE, WAS DEVASTATING. HE HAD TO RUN. TO HIDE... TO CHANGE.

WHAT YOU DO NOT KNOW, WAS HIS NAME AT THE TIME...

"JACK" SOUND FAMILIAR. CHUM?

ASK ME AGAIN AFTER I USE YOUR LYING TONGUE TO CLEAN THE THIRD STALL AT GRAND CENTRAL STATION --

A HUMAN CHAMELEON, JACK HAD MADE CHANGE A LIFE HABIT... AN ART FORM. PLASTIC SURGERY. FALSE CREDENTIALS --

AND TECHNOLOGY WERE HIS TOOLS TO MAKE OLD MISTAKES VANISH.

NO HORROR WAS PERMANENT IF ONE COULD START FRESH.

SO JACK STARTED OVER EVERY CHANCE HE GOT... BY STEALING LIVES THAT WERE STILL CLEAN.

BZZT

BZZT

BZZT

UPON WAKING UP IN THE WILSONS' CABIN. TRAPPED BY THE BLIZZARD OUTSIDE. JACK REALIZED HOW BADLY HE'D MADE A MESS OF THINGS.

HE COULD SMELL DEATH WATCHING HIM. TIME WAS SHORT...

IT WAS TIME TO CHANGE AGAIN... TO KILL JACK BEFORE ANYONE ELSE COULD. AND BECOME SOMEONE ELSE...

SOMEONE WITH THE PERFECT LIFE OFF IN THE WILDERNESS WITH THE PERFECT WIFE: SOMEONE FREE.

THE CHOICE WAS MADE IN AN INSTANT. AS MANY TIMES BEFORE, JACK BEGIN TO STEAL WADE WILSON'S LIFE... RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER HIS NOSE.

JACK COULD GET ANYONE TO OPEN UP. HE ENCOURAGED WADE TO TALK, TO CHAT... TO TELL HIM EVERYTHING, EVEN SECRETS ABOUT HIS LIFE, HIS WORK, HIS WIFE...

IT WAS NICE TO HAVE A MAN AROUND TO TALK TO, AFTER ALL... A MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD THE "GOOD LIFE." A MAN WHO COULD APPRECIATE THE HEAVEN HE AND MERCEDES HAD FOUND.

A MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD PEACE. JACK ABSORBED IT ALL, ASSIMILATING WADE... BECOMING HIM...

FINALLY. THE SNOW MELTED. REALITY WAS SOON TO CREEP IN... JACK HAD TO MOVE.

THE PLAN WAS SIMPLE. MERCEDES WOULD LEAVE FOR THE NEAREST NEIGHBOR TO RADIO FOR HELP, AND JACK WOULDN'T GO TO WORK --

ARSON, TWO BODIES, BADLY BURNED. ONE ALIVE, ONE DEAD. OUR BUILDS WERE SIMILAR ENOUGH --

AND JACK HAD SUFFERED MUCH WORSE THAN 3RD DEGREE BURNS IN HIS DAY. WHAT WAS A YEAR OF PAINFUL REHAB TO A FRESH START?

BUT MERCEDES FORGOT HER WALLET. IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, THE WOMAN WAS CONCERNED ABOUT GETTING A TICKET.

THE CHAMELEON ADAPTED. HE COULD STILL HAVE IT ALL, IF ONLY SHE WOULD GO DOWN EASY... A BUMP TO HER HEAD MIGHT EVEN HELP THE STORY --

BUT I WOULDN'T DIE. PLUNGING THE KNIFE INTO YOUR BACK, I REMEMBER THINKING THAT IN THE MOVIES... THE HUSBAND ALWAYS MAKES THE LAST MINUTE SAVE...

BUT THIS WASN'T THE MOVIES... AND YOU WEREN'T AN ORDINARY MONSTER.

NO... NOT ME, IT WAS YOU -- YOU WERE THE ONE WHO --

NOT ME... NOT ME...

YOU'D LIKE TO THINK THAT, BUT YOU CAN'T NOW, CAN YOU? THE ONION IS PEELED BACK ALONG WITH YOUR SKULL --

WELL STAY WITH ME FOR JUST A WHILE LONGER... CAUSE HERE'S THE BEST PART.

THIS IS THE MOMENT THAT UNDID YOU...

KILLING ME, THOUGH UNPLEASANT, WAS BUSINESS AS USUAL. YOU COULD MOVE ON ONCE THE DEED WAS DONE --

BUT YOU NEVER MEANT TO HURT MERCEDES. YOU NEVER MEANT TO TEAR THE WINGS OFF OF AN ANGEL.

AS LIFE EBBED FROM HER SHELL, YOUR SOUL SHATTERED.

TOO MUCH OF A COWARD TO KILL YOURSELF PHYSICALLY AS PENANCE...

YOU DID IT MENTALLY. YOU ABOLISHED YOURSELF.

YOU LOST YOUR MIND.

YOU'D DONE BAD THINGS BEFORE, BUT ONLY TO PEOPLE YOU THOUGHT *"DESERVED IT"* -- THE LIFE OF KILLERS --

BUT THIS TIME, YOU CROSSED A LINE YOU COULDN'T UNCROSS. AND IT BROKE YOU.

NOT LISTENING! I'M BRINGING HOME A BABY BUMBLEBEE. WON'T MY MAMA BE SO PROUD OF MEEE...

BUT WHAT GOOD IS SURVIVAL WITH-OUT SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR? WHY CRAWL OUT OF THE SNOW? WHY FIGHT ON?

REVENGE. OF COURSE.

THAT OR A NICE SCONE -- ULP

STILL JOKING... STILL JOKING AS IT ALL FALLS APART AROUND YOU... AMAZING...

NO. WHAT'S AMAZING IS YOU'RE STILL IN FLASHBACK MODE! MELVILLE TELLS SHORTER STORIES, FOR OPRAH'S SAKE!

FINE. THE WRAP-UP.

AS YOU WERE STEALING MY CAR AND MY WALLET AND THAT PUDDING YOU CALL A MIND WAS TRYING TO FORGET WHO YOU WERE --

YOUR EMPLOYERS SHOWED UP. THE ONES WHO WANTED YOU DEAD.

I HAVE FOUND SOME-THING TO LIVE FOR.

YOU BURIED US. BURIED US AND RAN...

ONLY ONE OF US WASN'T DEAD. ONE OF US SURVIVED.

WITH MY LAST BREATH. I PLEDGED MY LIFE TO THEM IF THEY WOULD HELP ME DESTROY YOU... AND THEY LISTENED.

I WAS PERFECT FOR THEM. A BLANK SLATE WITH NO FAMILY. NOTHING TO LIVE FOR... FUELED BY BLACK HATE

AS THEY TAUGHT ME THEIR WAYS, I REALIZED THE IRONY OF IT ALL... YOU HAD STOLEN MY LIFE...

AND I WAS ABOUT TO COPY YOURS... BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH..

I NEEDED TO KNOW MORE, BECOME MORE. THE COMPANY COULDN'T TEACH ME WHAT I NEEDED TO LEARN --

SO I WENT FREELANCE... AND SOUGHT OUT BETTER TEACHERS.

'N JAPAN... I FOUND THEM.

I TRADED MY SOUL, MY LIFE... FOR POWER... AND IT WAS GOOD. VERY GOOD.

IT WOULD BE YEARS BEFORE I WOULD HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE AND THE SKILLS TO REALIZE MY TRUE REVENGE... BUT I WAS PATIENT... DILIGENT...

AND VERY GOOD AT WHAT I DID TO APPEASE MY DARK MASTERS.

SO I BIDED MY TIME... AND WAITED UNTIL I COULD FIND YOU...

BY THE TIME I'D TRACKED YOU DOWN AT HELLHOUSE, YOU'D GROWN SO ACCUSTOMED TO BEING ME THAT YOU RECONSTRUCTED HISTORY —

SAW YOURSELF AS THE VICTIM WHO'D BEEN MADE COLD AND DEAD BY A MONSTER.

AND BY THEN, I WAS A MONSTER... A MONSTER WITH A PLAN.

I WOULD GIVE YOU AN ANGEL OF YOUR OWN. I WOULD PUT YOU IN JEOPARDY TO FORCE A BOND BETWEEN YOU —

I WOULD TOY WITH YOU... TORTURE YOU... AND FORCE YOU TO WATCH... AS I TOOK HER AWAY FROM YOU. FOREVER.

W-WADE...? WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING...?

LEAVE HER ALONE!

AND [redacted] YOUR HEART WAS FILLED WITH LOVE AND HOPE AND GLOW... WHE[redacted] YOU WERE WILLING TO SACRIFICE EVERY-THING FOR YOUR ANGEL...

OH MY GOD...

Yoooo!

PLEASE, COULD YOU SPEAK UP? THEY DIDN'T HEAR YOU IN THE BACK...

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND... I WORK BETTER IN FRONT OF AN AUDIENCE.

WHO-WHO ARE —?

SAUTEED SWEETBREADS IN SARAN WRAP... IT'S... IT'S EVERY-ONE...

EVERY-ONE YOU'VE EVER KILLED.

DEADPOOL, THIS IS YOUR LIFE.

THE KEEP

NO... NONE OF THIS IS REAL... NONE OF THIS...

I DON'T REMEMBER THERE BEING... SO MANY...

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

WATCH, BELOVED...

I HAVE GIVEN YOU NEW LIFE... I HAVE GIVEN YOU ACCESS TO MY OWN DARK POWER... AND NOW, MY FINAL GIFT...

WHEN DID I FIND THE TIME... TO BE SO BAD..?

OH GOD...

TOGETHER, WE CRUSH UTTERLY THE SPIRIT OF THE MAN WHO DESTROYED OUR HEAVEN... AS AN APPETIZER.

HOW DOES IT FEEL, WILSON... TO KNOW HOW CLOSE YOU CAME TO ACTUALLY TURNING OVER THE WHOLE TREE...

HOW CLOSE YOU WERE TO BEING A GOOD MAN... WITH A GOOD WIFE... A FUTURE..?

JUST TO HAVE IT ALL TORN AWAY BY YOUR OWN MONSTROUS PAST?

OH... OH GOD...

OH... OH GOD... HEH... HA!

HAH! OH GOD, STOP IT, PLEASE, YOU'RE KILLING ME HERE! HO HO!

HE DOESN'T LOOK 'CRUSHED' TO ME... 'BELOVED.'

HAHA HO HO HEEE HEHA

I'VE TAKEN EVERYTHING FROM YOU! BROKEN YOU! THE SPIRITS OF ALL THE DEAD ARE HERE TO TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB —

HA-HHAWWW

OH MAN... HEH... I POPPED MY APPENDIX, I THINK HEH... WHOO!

WHAT'S SO *@#&$% FUNNY?!

OHH, HEH... SORRY... HEH... GRAMMY ALWAYS SAID IT WAS RUDE TO LAUGH AT THE STUPID PEOPLE... >SIGH< OKAY, "WADE"... I'LL TELL YOU...

SQUIRRELS AND COCONUTS.

YOU SPENT YOUR WHOLE PATHETIC LIFE WORKING TO WHIP TOGETHER THIS LITTLE REUNION LIKE A MARTHA STEWART ON ACID, FIGURING TO BREAK MY SPIRIT...

AND FOR A SECOND, IT WORKED... YOU DID IT... YOU HAD ME READY TO LEAP UP AND IMPALE MYSELF ON THE NEAREST CIRCUS MIDGET.

BUT THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED... A SYNAPSE FIRED OPEN AND I HAD WHAT BORN-AGAINS AND ALCOHOLICS LIKE TO CALL A MOMENT OF CLARITY.

YOU EVER SEE THAT OLD CARTOON WITH THE SQUIRREL WHO'S TRYING TO EAT A COCONUT? CHUCK JONES, I THINK...

THIS RETARDED SQUIRREL FINDS A COCONUT AND THINKS THAT HE'S HIT THE GIANT ACORN MOTHER LOAD -- ONLY, HE CAN'T CRACK THE NUT. IT'S TOO HARD.

SO HE GETS A JACK HAMMER, HE THROWS IT DOWN STAIRS, RUNS IT OVER WITH A TRUCK... NOTHING.

FINALLY, HE PUSHES THIS MONSTER UP A GAZILLION STAIRS ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, AND HEAVES IT.

CRACK.

SLOWLY, THE SHELL PEELS BACK... AND YOU KNOW WHAT'S INSIDE? ANOTHER COCONUT SHELL.

THAT SQUIRREL IS IN CARTOON HELL. THAT SQUIRREL IS ME.

EVERY TIME I GET A SHOT AT SAVING THE WORLD, OR DOING RIGHT OR WAVING THE TRUTH AND JUSTICE FLAG INSTEAD OF GUTTING A GUY, I DO IT...

AND EVERY TIME, I GET THE SHAFT FOR MY TROUBLE. EVERYTIME, THERE'S ANOTHER COCONUT SHELL I GOTTA CRACK.

BUT JUST LIKE THAT RETARDED SQUIRREL... IN ANOTHER MONTH OR SO, THE CARTOON RERUNS, AND I TRY AGAIN.

YOU DID MESS UP MY HEAD BY SHOWING ME WHAT A DIRTBAG I'VE BEEN IN MY LIFETIME... BUT THAT DOESN'T CHANGE THE FACT THAT I STILL TRY TO BE BETTER. I'M GIVING IT A SHOT.

AT THE END OF THE DAY... I'M WINNING, AND I WOULDN'T HAVE THINGS ANY DIFFERENT --

EXCEPT FOR YOU, MERCEDES... AND YOU ONLY... WHAT HAPPENED WITH YOU... THAT WASN'T RIGHT. FOR THAT, I WILL ALWAYS BE SORRY.

I WILL ALWAYS HAVE A BIG FAT HOLE IN MY SOUL. I KNOW IT DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY BETTER... BUT I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND —

...THE SMALL VICTORIES ARE THE ONES THAT COUNT.

JUST REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING BACK IN ANGER AT THIS MOMENT... YOU'VE GOT A SECOND SHOT HERE, ANGEL... USE IT. DON'T END UP LIKE T-RAY AND ME.

AS FOR THE REST OF YOU... -AHEM-

I WOULDN'T APOLOGIZE TO YOU IF YOU THREATENED TO CONSIGN ME TO SPEND ALL ETERNITY SMOTHERED IN CHOCOLATE SAUCE AND TRAPPED IN A ROSEANNE BARR / STAR JONES SANDWICH!

THE ME THAT IS ME NOW HAD TO MAKE BIG MISTAKES TO MAKE SMALL PROGRESS. WHEN YOU'VE LIVED A LIFE LIKE MINE...

I'M GLAD YOU'RE DEAD! IF I COULD, I'D KILL YOU AGAIN! THEN I'D GO BACK IN TIME, IMPREGNATE EACH OF YOUR MOTHERS TO MAKE SURE YOU WERE BORN... AND I'D KILL YOU AGAIN!

SO IF YOU WANT ME TO TURN INTO SOME SORT OF BLEEDING HEART AND WEEP OUT AN APOLOGY, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO RIP IT OUT OF ME!

NO! IT DOES NOT GO LIKE THIS, DEADPOOL! YOU CANNOT [redacted] SAINT AND SINNER AT THE SAME TIME!

YOU MUST PAY, BODY AND SOUL FOR YOUR CRIMES -- YOUR CORRUPTION -- YOU MUST PAY FOR MAKING US INTO YOU!

YOU PATHETIC MOUTHBREATHER... YOU THINK I WAS BORN THIS WAY? VIOLENCE IS A CYCLE... I WAS MADE... JUST LIKE YOU WERE.

BUT YOU IMPROVED ON THE ORIGINAL, BIG BOY... I MAY HAVE BEEN A PIECE OF GARBAGE... BUT I DIDN'T BRING MY WIFE BACK FROM THE DEAD AND SET HER UP TO FALL IN LOVE WITH HER MURDERER, JUST TO TORTURE SOME DOWN ON HIS LUCK SLOB...

...NOW DID I?

ASK THE LADY WHICH WAS WORSE... DEATH, OR THIS.

CHECK-MATE, JERK.

SNIK

SCRAPE

HRRGH!

BETRAYAL...

HEY, DON'T SNARL AT ME, PRETTY BOY... I'M JUST THE PATHETIC DUPE HERE —

TAKE IT UP WITH THE MISSUS.

YOU TWISTED WRECK OF A MAN...

YOU RAISED ME FROM THE DEAD, FOR THIS?

SCHRAK

SEE, ME, I WOULD HAVE JUST SENT FLOWERS, OR MAYBE TOOK HER OUT SOME PLACE NICE... SO SPEAKS VELVET JONES...

MERCEDES, THIS... THIS IS OUR RETRIBUTION! I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO WASTE THE POWER I HAVE GIVEN YOU —

HE'S ALREADY DEAD. LIKE MY METHODS OR NOT, THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO —

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A TICKED OFF BROAD, T-RAY — ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU HAND HER A LOADED BAZOOKA AND POINT HER TOWARDS A TARGET...

PIK CHOWW

SEE, IT'S ALL ABOUT THE SMOOTH MOVES... I GOT 'EM, CHICKS DIG 'EM... EVEN THE UNDEAD ONES.

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, EH, SPANKY? YOU KNOW, NOW I WISH I HADN'T HAD IT ALL SO SCREWED UP IN MY HEAD ABOUT WHO WAS WHICH WAS WHO...

I KIND OF LIKE KILLING YOU --

I WILL EAT YOUR LUNGS AND HANG YOU WITH YOUR OWN INTESTINES AND --

ENOUGH.

ENOUGH.

YEAH... I FIGURED YOU WERE GONNA WISE UP AND TAKE THE TOYS BACK...

SO... INQUIRING MINDS WANT TO KNOW... WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

I KILL YOU --

NO!

NO... YOU TWO MAY BE ABLE TO DO THIS TO ONE ANOTHER... BUT I CAN'T...

MERCEDES... I SHARED THE POWER WITH YOU... FOR THIS... FOR --

NO. YOU USED ME. MEAT... LIKE HE DID...

I'M NOT GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN ANY-MORE.

FIRST WE FREE ILANEY FROM THE TRAP YOU SET FOR HER... AFTER THAT... I DON'T KNOW... NOT ALL ENDINGS ARE CLEAN ONES...

THEY COULD BE... COULDN'T THEY?

...

FWUNK

MOTHER?

WHAT DO YOU THINK? YOU KILLED ME. YOU SET UP MY HUSBAND TO BECOME THE DEVIL... YOU JERK.

"JERK" GEE... BETTER WATCH YOUR MOUTH THERE... YOU MIGHT SAY "DARN"... OOH, MY THYMUS...

I MAY NOT BE AS CORRUPT AS T-RAY... BUT I'M NO FOOL. YOU HAVE TO PAY FOR WHAT YOU DID.

LOOK AT IT THIS WAY... AT LEAST I'M GIVING YOU A FIGHTING CHANCE. IT'S MORE THAN WADE WOULD HAVE DONE.

I'LL TELL ILANEY THAT YOU'RE SORRY.

THANKS, TOOTS... NO HARD FEELINGS.

YES... THERE ARE.

THERE ARE MORE WORLDS THAN THIS ONE, WILSON... ON THOSE, WE WILL CONTINUE...

BY THE WAY, KEEP THE NAME. I DON'T WANT IT ANYMORE.

IT'S THE NAME OF A LOSER.

LOSER, EH...? MAYBE...

BUT AT LEAST I DO IT WITH STYLE... HIT IT BOYS.

GANGWAY FOR ROMANCE!

BLOOD... I'M MAKING IT SPEWW! TAKE MY SWORRRD NOW I'M GUTTING YOUUU AND -- BLOOD! WON'T HURT, ANYMORRE -- 'CAUSE YOUR HEAD HAS ROLLED... OUT THE KITCHEN DOORRR!

THE BLOODBAAATTHH! SOON WE'LL BE CHOPPING OUT TEETH AND TONGUES! THE BLOODBAAATH, PROMISES CHITLINS FOR EVERYONNE!

=HNNGH= OKAY... I TAKE IT FROM THE STILETTO IN MY KIDNEYS THAT YOU'RE NOT GAVIN MCCLOUD FANS... =ARRGH= INGRATES... HOW 'BOUT THIS FAVORITE...?

OH, NO NOT I! =HAAK= I WILL SURVIVE! OH, AS LONG AS I KNOW HOW TO LIVE, I'LL KICK YOU IN THE EYEIIGH!

OH MAN... THIS IS BETTER THAN VIKING NIGHT AT STUCKEYS...

OUCH.

WHA-ZZA... WHY, OF COURSE MS. KLUM... YOU CAN USE YOUR TEETH TO UN-BUTTON MY --

WHAT THE?

OH GOD... IF I HAVE TO SPEND ETERNITY IN THAT TRIPPY NBC ALICE IN WONDERLAND SPECIAL --

IT'S ABOUT TIME, SWEET CHEEKS... I DON'T LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITING.

HELLO DEADPOOL: LONG TIME NO DIE. YOU LOOK GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT.

WHOA... HEY BABE. NICE WRAP.

SO THAT'S IT, HUH? THE BIG SLEEP? THE PERMANENT VACATIONS? FUNNY, IT DIDN'T HURT AS MUCH AS THE LAST TIME I DIED... I MUST BE GETTING GOOD AT IT --

HARDLY, BABE. I JUMPED IN AND STOPPED THE CLOCK FOR YOU AS A WELCOME BACK PRESENT. BUT DON'T WORRY...

YOU'RE NOT DEAD DEAD... IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY.

WHAT-CHOO TALKIN' BOUT GRIM REAPERESS?

NOT TO BE RUDE, BUT I WAS SORT OF LOOKING FORWARD TO THE REST —

YOU CAN THANK THAT HEALING FACTOR OF YOURS FOR KEEPING YOUR BODY MOSTLY INTACT, BUT MORE THAN THAT—

— THE BIG WIGS IN THE SKY TOOK A VOTE AND DECIDED YOU HAVE TO GO BACK...

...YOU'RE NOT DONE SUFFERING YET.

ARE YOU KIDDING! — WHAT DO YOU THINK I'VE BEEN DOING DOWN THERE?! RUNNING BACKWARDS THROUGH A FIELD OF CORN?! I SUFFERED ENOUGH?!

OH NO, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LEAST OF IT! THEY'VE GOT BIG PLANS FOR YOU, PAL... I MEAN, THEY'LL WRITE TRAGEDIES ABOUT THIS STUFF —

IT'S ALL PART OF YOUR *"REDEMPTION PROFILE"*... SORRY, TOOTS... THERE ARE RULES FOR THIS SORT OF THING... I'M JUST DOING MY JOB.

BUMMER... I HAD A SPOT ALL PICKED OUT IN THE LAND OF CANCELLED HEROES TOO...

WAIT... IF I'M NOT DEAD... HOW CAN I SEE YOU? WHAT AM I DOING HERE.

AU CANTRAIRE... YOU ARE 99% DEAD, BABY... FOR AT LEAST THIRTY DAYS, FAR AS I CAN TELL... YOU'RE MINE. SO I THOUGHT, MAYBE...

...WE COULD TAKE A MONTH AND MAKE OUT LIKE PUBESCENT RABBITS?

MERCY...

WELL, OKAY... BUT IT'S BEEN A WHILE... PROMISE ME YOU WON'T BE GENTLE.

I WON'T.

ROWRR.

DAVID BREWER
PERROTTA, MAHLSTEDT, R.RAMOS
W. RAMOS, BLANCHARD
RICHARD STARKINGS AND COMICRAFT
RUBEN DIAZ
BOB HARRAS
WRITTEN WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO ALL OF DEADPOOL'S FANS.
BY JOE KELLY
THANKS FOR THE WONDERFUL KIDS, GINA... YOU'RE THE GREATEST FRIENDS A PSYCHOPATH COULD ASK FOR.

DEADLINES

Oops. We goofed big time — not once but twice. The credits for both issues #31 and #32 neglected to mention some people, without whom the books would never have been completed. And we believe in giving credit where credit is due, so we take this time now to correct ourselves.

For issue #31, a huge "Thank you" and "We're sorry" goes out to David Brewer for a fantastic pencil assist and Andrew Pepoy for an equally special inking assist.

Now, on to issue #32 where we should once again mention the wonderful pencils of David Brewer along with some inking above and beyond the call of duty by both Larry Mahlstedt and Rich Perrotta.

We truly are sorry for the little mix-up, fellows. We could not have done it without you. Once again, thank you.

Now, on to some letters.

Hey guys!

I don't know what kind of scam is going on, but Gary Coleman is frozen away in the British Ministry of Defense next to Vanilla Ice and Austin Powers, not floating in a bacta tank at Landau, Luckman & Lake.

Mark my words, we have people looking into this, and when they find out the truth, exploding heads will roll...

Brendan McGinley
New London, CT

Actually, Brendan, it is you who found out the truth. Now don't be afraid of those LL&L troops that teleported in behind you — they just want to ask you some questions.

Hello, there!

I wanted to drop you a line and say (thank you!) for sending Wade to Atlanta, (crushing your head... crushing your head...). It sure was fun, but next time do not leave the place such a mess. I gotta live here, you know!

It is not looking good for Wade, but I hope he can stand up to T-Ray and give him what he deserves! (A good right hook to the gut!!)

I am going to miss you when you're gone, Joe Kelly. You have given all of us a lot of good times (ha ha). Be seeing you.

TPow242250@aol.com

We've never known Deadpool to visit a place and not demolish it, or at the very least help in the destruction. Anyway, what did you think of the final showdown between Deadpool and T-Ray? As for Mr. Kelly, we will miss him as well. Joe gave us thirty-three issues of chaos, mayhem, and gut-busting laughter that we will not soon forget. And who knows, maybe we will see him again. (Actually, after seeing Deadpool and Death walk into the sunset together, we're wondering if we'll see Deadpool again.)

Deadlines,

You've outdone yourselves yet again! Issue #31 is one more stunning masterpiece to add to the library of, uh, stunning masterpieces! I loved when our old buddy Herbert blew his lid (literally) all over Wade again. Kelly has a way of bringing the good stuff back, just the way the fans like it. When I look at the book, I can't help but wonder how you keep your mag so cool, fresh, and funny, yet still finish each issue on time every single month. I guess they don't call you *Deadlines* for nothing! Anyway, enough kissing up — here's a few question/comments:

If they would've included Wade in the four-part *Marvel vs. DC* series, which *DC* character would 'Pool have been "amalgamated" with? C.F. doesn't stand for Chew Floor, does it? It was his battle cry from issue 30, and — nah, didn't think so. I heard from another Dead-head that Joe Kelly is leaving DEADPOOL after issue 32 and some guy from BLACK PANTHER is taking his place. Say it ain't so, Joe! Say it ain't so!!! I love the book too much to leave it because of a writer change, but it definitely wouldn't be the same without him. Kelly's three issue run in WEBSPINNERS: TALES OF SPIDER-MAN was hilarious, and I can't wait to see his work for Marvel's Distinguished Competition.

Well, that's it from me . . . for now. Hope you find the kindness and decency in your heart to print this letter. And until Widdle Wade II gets into an all-out death match with *Austin Powers'* Mini-me (actually, that would be pretty cool...), Make Mine DEADPOOL!

Josh Tilton
Walnut Creek, CA

Wow, a stunning masterpiece. Thanks for such high praise, Josh. We got a kick out of seeing Herbert (and his exploding head) as well.

As for Joe Kelly leaving, we must say that the rumor is true (as a tear rolls down our cheek). The issue you hold in your hands is the final Joe Kelly issue, but have no fear, true believer, just check out the next issue box. And would somebody get Mike Myers on the phone, please — we just got a new movie idea.

Dear *Deadlines*,

First off, let me tell you that I've loved every DEADPOOL issue from #1 - #30, and #31 was no different. But I do have some comments as well, like — Why is Joe Kelly leaving?! I know he has a lot of other work going on, but he has made DEADPOOL one of my favorite books. He wrote DEADPOOL right and always made the book funny and exciting. The first page was fitting, I guess, when Zoe orders a full blackout on all files with the name "Kelly." I'll still get DEADPOOL, but I do not think anyone can do it better than Kelly; he knew how to throw a curve ball at you when you began to think that things were getting back to normal for Wade. Maybe Joe can come back for issue #50 (if it's still around, and I hope it is).

As for issue #31 — it was awesome. Zoe starts to act like a human being again and hooks up with Monty. And you just know that #32 is going to rock with T-Ray in the mix. Also, I like the writing on the prison wall — another nice touch. Was that Kelly's or Woods' idea, anyway?

So, I am sad that Joe is leaving, but hopefully the next writer can keep DEADPOOL rolling.

Clayton Simmons
Livouia, MI

Well, Clayton, if you thought that T-Ray would help issue #32 to rock, what do you think he did for #33? Impressive, huh? Come on, you can tell us.

Anyway, before you give us a big ego, we would like to say "thank you" for hanging around for each and every issue through changes in both art and now, in writing. We love all that Joe Kelly has done for DEADPOOL and who knows, maybe he will again one day rap with the merc-with-the-mouth. As for now we've got new people coming on board who are just going to knock your socks off — we promise. So stick around, you are not going to want to miss a thing.

NEXT ISSUE

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER YOU WALK INTO THE SUNSET WITH DEATH HERSELF?

CURIOUS? WELL, WRITER CHRISTOPHER PRIEST OF BLACK PANTHER FAME IS GOING TO SHOW US AS DEADPOOL COVERS NEW GROUND IN CHAOS, DEATH, AND DESTRUCTION.

SO JOIN US FOR ONE HILARIOUSLY FUN RIDE THROUGH THE LIFE OF THE MAN KNOWN AS DEADPOOL.

(RUBEN'S BRINGING THE POPCORN, PRETZELS, AND FRAGMENTATION GRENADES.)

DESIGN BY COMICRAFT

FRANK DUNKERLEY
ASSISTANT EDITOR

RUBEN DIAZ
EDITOR

BOB HARRAS
CHIEF

DEADLINES c/o MARVEL COMICS
387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH • NEW YORK, NY 10016

E-MAIL: MAILO@MARVEL.COM
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